

the list

the director: a bulimic wretch who refused to show up on set until the producer changed her name to the christian actor that mentions his super co-star as an expletive at every opportunity. the kid only sees her when the cola spills onto the southwestern resort convention center carpet from her trembling hands.

he told me she sliced it open lengthways with a steak knife on the island until all the yellow fat was spilling out of her.

in the golf course in the middle of death valley, the kid stands under the misters in front of the lobby. the director's father - the investor - is saying something across the room to the producer while the mother untangles her hair.

i think she's been more than making up for what was lost.

kid hangs around in an old purple target tank, denim capris, overspilling. taller than most. face and shoulders blistering with a month's worth of third degree sunburns between driving the golf cart for b roll. the producer let her have the silver sash from the sponsor, like the pageant - Miss Nassau Energy 2006.

nothing as i watch my stomach fill the outline with color and shape.

*did you catch that game last night?
i have this, in my wallet.
rachel wouldn't return any of my calls.
do you know what they brought?*

in the bedroom, the middle one: below the open window i face against to avoid the eyes. every night i am five years old. he curves the stomach.

*no one knows the time when it will end.
there is nothing to worry for: in this kind of end is eternity, an endless cradle.*

i bang my head against the wall until he knows this is what i'm trying to escape.

every night i am five years old, i cry, and i scream, and i cry and no one comes for me.

time. prep for the next one, we're running late.

the director locks with the kid
do you know who you've been giving yourself to?

*crowd around like vultures with the light to tear it
off, they cast you for your ability to roll. grey couch
back room of the sports bar, camera center spread
between two to get his money's worth. the files, the
drives. names written by hand, reading aloud how
you'd let them sit with yours as their own. they say
you're the reason they get off free. make the
incision and wait for it to instill. i scroll through
every frame, watching each infection fester until the
pus drains. if you have no feelings,
this is the way to kill them.*

she takes it out of her dress and exits the stage.
hanging half below the platform, dripping into her
father's hands. the producer pets the kid's hair
while her mother covers her eyes. between fingers,
electric horizontal lines the freeway, trailers leave in
the half light. water tops the jacuzzi tub in the room,
grab each handle in the mirror before slipping
inside. i push myself in, counting
face down until i can breathe.

no body

it was pinned from the post,
you were born from fucking, made to live inside it.
every night before sleep i imagine the gun was real
and i am far from here, overspilling.
there are eyes inside. my body falls asleep on
every stranger's couch. give me one space
where it stops beating.

he marries me when i'm seventeen, everywhere i
go i am aware of the outline of my face.
grandfather once spoke of his father's creation,
spread to be of one through town. she holds my
hand scanned full of wires. he cries in my arms
promises that he will never leave me as he left us.
i hold my mind at the end of the barrel.

they ask for examples and there are none.
maybe it could have been him, if he lived.
the answer is in that.

*it was an accident before. don't you remember
that she was once removed?*
holds my legs spread against arms, rocks with his
leg until it starts again. women say the pain comes
from being different. i'm not sure what the
difference is. it's nothing special. life, before
anything, is what happens to you.

i know what i am.

off and corroded bobby pins half-drowning in the
bathtub thinking it'll make a dent. She told her she
was just "testing" them. Swallowed in red

Old Navy sweatshirts and week-old
white fleece pajama pants.

I'm trying to remember the conversation we had in
the bathroom. The towel was wrapped around my
waist. They were wrong about the progression, I felt
the outline and saw the stain. This was my choice. I
get what I want. I'm not going to worry over
something that isn't happening.

She handed her a flower she found growing in
between the bricks in the backyard.
She still looked small.

He came for an hour visit before it closed. I saw a
printed picture of her. Moon face, white long sleeve
t-shirt with her half exposed tits covered in stretch
marks years old. Skin that an entire hand can grab.
Little fucking lipstick smile on her face, wearing a
robe, holding onto a certificate with five skinny
animals from different fathers clinging to her leg
with the same desperate eyes.

I wondered how much she would fuck them over.
Her living in a state of emergency, talking in circles
until they beg to sit alone in a room. The men in
and out, willing to take anything available to them. I
wondered if they would grab her by the neck and
shove her against the wall when she gets hysterical

animal planet

dinner chairs box the corner screen,
mammals extended by birth

in sound of pressed gags between timed
miles on the gazelle

her neighbor whispers under smoke:

you're the only fat friend i've ever had.

by the middle of july it spills from red sequined
white fur, mottled with sweat. her knees grind
the crack of tile. smash mouth christmas

song plays by minute.
on first count, glove crushes ribs

in the hallway, the corrector
molds the outline in flats
this is a woman's form. born to feed
she carves her arrangement

my wet hands sting the faded iron
wait for someone to smell it on me again

note

You'll get used to the little incidents once you start.

It's part of dealing with the public. They'll tell you how much hotter they've gotten since they were a child. We'll put you up at the welcome desk, because you're good at smiling. Even better when they're inches from your face, with their hand on your shoulder, telling you that you have the most beautiful mouth they've ever seen. You'll figure out how to wind around the floors to avoid the corners.

When The Driver comes to pick you up, you can stare at his hands, and remember. Listen to him tell you about the dress and the figure. If you're lucky, he'll bring his fingers close enough to get you to cry yourself to sleep without the privacy to make the feeling stop. If you're lucky, you'll know how to keep yourself quiet.

The closest release you could probably find is to find a stranger that you feel nothing for, and let them do what they want to you. You're lucky that you can come feeling any touch. You're lucky that any penetration is enough to make you cry. You're lucky to be able to remember how you forgot that there's nothing erotic about it. You should be grateful that you could have the feeling of holding back tears feeling unbearable agony as you watch yourself have your fifteenth orgasm, while hearing

props

lord of the rings plastic swords banded
below the katana on the wall

balsa wood pointed arrows
wrapped with green duct tape

hand on denim in the office chair taken to the floor

pulled from the office drawer to ear
molded by pressure around frame
hair pulls head under back

i wish you made me endless
i wish you made me loved

with the rocks and eroding cliffs of the peninsula
where your grandparents lie. The same one where
you close your eyes and imagine having
never been anyone ever. Stupid.

You are the little girl forever.
This is what lasts.
You want love?
This is love.
Feel it.

PRESSURE AND RELEASE

*you cruise straight to the west
arrive at the shore and slither on the edge
your body fits perfectly
within the cracks of the rocks
flat rhythmic pulse of waves crashing into*

one foot drags in the sweep
corner below the overhang of the step
curved to press where it's felt most.

lower your eyes and you will be there.

humps the covered hole like an animal.
blank face of stunned cattle, drooling outside itself.
arm stretches to slip a coin in the slot.

hit ground in time, hand wired around jaw
takes a drag: legs sleep against the surface
fingers spread to watch semi-soft drip
down twitching puddle

linen jacket crouches down to the level
smoke palm pressed on stomach, other slips
inside: hammers white soaked greasehand
until the screams start

broken in the receiver
I can tell you were missed.

glass you could see through the slats. There was rarely anyone there to see it anyway, and if they were there, they'd still be on the phone. Anyone can picture a man slipping an envelope across, or putting the picture of a knife in someone's head. It's more of an aging cunt making the call alone at her desk.

Do you think Brad Pitt and George Clooney are gay? Together. I mean. They just have that feeling. I read one time that Katie Holmes found Tom Cruise having sex with the guy from Matchbox Twenty and she kept quiet. My father was part gay. That's why he only ever did it in my ass. So what do you think.

I could feel the weight of them sitting on my back before they were there. Becoming a fixture. Leaving an imprint deep enough to become one.

The twin mattress in the corner of the kitchen beside a grey storage bin and two trash bags full of costumes and street clothes. On top is a small, decades old dirty stuffed rabbit with a pink embroidered verse.

She looks smaller today. Crossed into the pillow with the previous indentation. A little open cut on her leg. I feel her contract around my finger. She's not as huggy, now that she's older. If she makes it out, she'll go to therapy for years to be able to take anything without pain but I know what won't leave her.

the vision of the real self and consume it from the inside out. static hands pressed under stomach make it easy to cradle again.

mattress in the corner of the dining hall the smell of alcohol every morning the fridge opens, rotting television audial blur, only able to see blue and red reflection on mottled tile where people sleep the wall fades to black and he comes again

baggy, dirt covered pajama pants unbrushed hair
where is it?
hands shake wide eyes hold rabbit
where are you going to get it?
motionless breathing from mouth

if you don't have it,
your body will stop on the inside.
fingers framed around wide eyes petting soft strands

it's time for you to end now.

removes jeans walks into locker room legs crossed around drain, opens mouth wide and breathes in. arms outside boundaries, chest curled in face against. bodies writhe against in pool hands touch bubbled swim shorts spill out pressed to jet. shoulders pushed below level, legs kick until they don't. just as imagined when they bathe alone.

there is nothing special about pain.
there is nothing unique about another pathetic
excuse for a fuck getting turned
to nothing but a story.

scenes

This film is a warning.

We are on the patio of a quick dining restaurant in the suburban sprawl. Late afternoon. Faint red-blue projection on the walls from the LED disco ball as the DJ sets up his stand. Glass and tuscan style patio furniture covered in leaves, laminated menus slightly wet with condensation. We see an older man in his late 60s, early 70s with balding white hair. Fat, wearing a black t-shirt over his sun-damaged arms.

A sweet, young-looking poor girl with a blonde bob, wearing a tank and shorts, inappropriate for the weather. Small enough tits to get away with not wearing a bra. Histrionic look in her eye. She sits next to her mother, a desperate middle aged housewife in her 40s.

The mother makes some inaudible long joke before the punchline. He exaggeratedly slams on the black metal table, hard enough to make it shake. He talks to the mother while making eye contact with the girl.

Hey, if it's old enough to bleed.

The man winks.

dry on heels. the blonde one reaches for polyester ears, fingers trace swirls

You remember:

*I am sitting in the living room during the class,
Cole bashed in with the tennis racquet in the
garage until he drips on the concrete,
counting seconds until sound disappears like
thunder.*

You remember:

*I am sitting in the living room, stomach strike to my
little extended belly.
Hit. Again, and again, and again.*

*the extent of her struggles and discoveries surpass
that of the average teen
the man shoves his elbow beside the rabbit on
chest as he turns. anti-rollback clicks with internal
beating. only two people know this motion.*

girls stare into each other
unformed fingers meet between rails

i remember:

*a series of curves, pinned to the surface by outline
he pulls from wreckage and slips inside the cavity
upside down, turning around, and around
enveloped every crevice spills life
he closes eyes*

every movement he makes, i make

her birthday. Kids these days just don't get a lot of chances to make a real connection. I'm sure you have a lot of frustration.

Yeah, it's hard.

I mean, I know you're old enough to ask, but what do young people do these days to relieve it? What kind of porn do you watch?

No, I've never really seen it before.

Never seen it? Well then, what do you like to think about when you, you know.

He makes a jerk-off motion, they laugh together. She blushes and pulls a strand of her hair back.

I don't know, I'm not sure if I've ever tried.. This is silly, but I used to have a little crush on you. Sometimes when I fall asleep, I think about when I was really little, when you came over to our house, I'd sit on your lap while you watched football with my dad, and you'd...

We see his hand reaching down from the front seat.

Close up on her face. Her mouth opens, distorting wide, unable to tell if she's in agony or pleasure.

Nothing comes out.

Cut.

actress

she comes with a close up smell
familiar refraction of burning animal fat
appears on walls, faded yellow-green

*your eyelashes are so beautiful
women love you. when you're older*

the angle lowers itself. cut-out of
an acid curve, dissolves the skin

*from before hollywood immemorial:
men are only drawn to continue
themselves beyond*

when the cars drive by the body knows
exactly where it stands.

time's arrow has punctured your heart
and i will pull it out.

She moves back into place,
opens her mouth to a yawn.

Pauses to collect herself. A finger shoves inside.
She screams louder than any other take.

The Actor shakes the lock getting into the trailer. He
looks younger with the grey washed out. Tan linen
button down, gold chain. He shoves the door open.
It's pitch black inside.

The Actress stands at the far end, eyes reflecting
the light from the microwave. legs bent like an
injured doe to show him where she's been.
reflecting wet thighs as he grabs his hard cock
through his khakis, crouching down as he moves
towards her.

Please, don't

Holds her head back like he's stunning an animal.
his stomach compresses her against the tile floor.
He slips himself inside, pounding her tight little ass
as she squirms underneath him.

I love you, my little girl.

Feel his stomach rising with each
breath, skin to skin
shaking as he bangs her body into the floor
fingers in her mouth, muffled
she turns static

Oh my fucking god I love your cock.

sanctified

angled concrete leads to basement
dented white squares, wooden stage
folded tables bound in closet. he drags chairs
the organist remembers his death here.

stomach contracts, smells birth on immaculate
hands.

hand touches the floor to trace the boundary line
white wall, cut-out square in dust thick blinds
father cradles the body in touch below
corporeal degenerates, as all men do
you are forever within yourself

he bangs his head against the wall until it cracks.

the organist tends to the kitchen in the annex
father in chair, the boy beside him

i'd like for you to see this

whiteness unrecognizable. hand stare
how strange it is to extend fingers beyond
this skeletal frame. he breaks an egg on the stove.

smoke alarm flashes, it burns
screened through countertop reflection
lead in guideless, grasp for form
plastic tarp taped to tops of chairs
the party game. they speak separate lines
did you witness inappropriate behavior?

The Girl gives him a pleading look.

It depends on if you play your role or not. If you don't learn how to work for fifteen minutes, you'll live a life that's all work. Smile a little more, and I'll make sure you're always taken care of.

His pelvis covers her face. The man curses as he grabs her head. He pulls away, and we see the aftermath of her face. In pain. Degraded. Dripping. Tears streaming down her face, the kind of dirt you can't scrub out. The look of someone waiting to disconnect.

Don't you find it a little unrealistic?

What do you mean?

No one's paying for this kind of lifespan. I'm not the same guy, am I?

No. They're different men in her life, but more a representation of what those people occupy in her mind. They're all permanent, all one. Just like she's playing herself at any age. When you look at her, you're seeing her across time.

I don't even have any lines in this.

See, this is when she becomes mute, she locks herself in the bathroom to hang herself from the ceiling fan after giving head to her boyfriend who whores her out to decrepit old men he finds online.

What is it worth if I don't have anything to say?

He takes the shot.

*We have a few minutes left,
is someone able to take her real quick?*

Legs rise, hard slow stride. The Mother laughs like a joke.

She slaps her little stupid face.

*You're making a fucking scene in front of everyone,
stop embarrassing us.*

drip down leg

She floats outside the room
and The Photographer shadows.
Single stall. fake wooden floor,
Indented metal drain.
Even level legs contract around.

He shows his phone

red

blue

yellow

clipped frequencies

breathing slows

hand on hair,

blue rag from coat

he unfolds an ice cube

fits in her mouth. fingers warm, salted

*Because.
I love you.*

*I'm grateful to work with you.
Everyone gets fucked with, or makes it happen.
When I reached 28, I made a choice.
You're lucky he still keeps you around.
We both are.*

*You have to get hard again.
Pulls hard on his limp cock with her hand covered
in his cum, squirming until he makes it halfway
there. She crawls down to the corner of the room to
spread wide.*

*Rubbing rose tinted, flushed red and purple skin
between his fingertips. Compresses the base of his
cock to barely force it in. Kissing breasts and
collarbones. He makes awkward, weak thrusts for a
few minutes in near silence.*

*Her face turned away, motionless, staring out into
space like a doll.*

*How many times has he done it to you?
We've been together since the day we met.
How old was I?*

*Eleven.
I've loved you since I met you.
No, you haven't.*

*He makes soft arrhythmic motions between grunts,
staring at her profile.*

*themed puzzle game on her tablet, eyeless. Heated
tension in chest without WiFi.*

*They visit the corporate office on the third floor of
Neiman Marcus at Broadway Square twice per
week. Her mother speaks to her friend, another
woman with her daughter. Too young to talk to.*

*I don't get why he only does it on my stomach and
never inside me.*

*Mind frames a match cut.
have to go to the bathroom*

*You just went five minutes ago. Laurel will be out
soon, wait until it's over.*

*The mother turns back to her conversation. She
tugs on her mother's shirt with her mouth, soaked
cotton clenched between teeth.*

have to go NOW

*Can't you just be patient for once?
Now now now now now*

*It ends the same. Hands gripped to ankles, burn of
skin and bone grinding into laminate. Hair tangles,
drags below back. Laurel and Mother above like a
cop's light. Shields eyes with arms.
Screams. Tears.*

BRAT

A piece of pale warm white wrapped in organza, a swan in newspapers with a broken neck. Crushed miniature cups across the ground to aid in the process.

Face down on a blue tarp over concrete, seeping through an open rock. Pair of pants on the floor covered in dried semen and blood. A man's soaked wristbands float above the closet.

Men hang around to take a shot in the dark, until someone says the picture is clear.

The gaffers turn on the day again.
The cameras roll.

I always loved you.

Grease travels halfway down, she picks flakes from the root. The girl sits on the closed toilet with her head tilted to the side. Uneven strands pulled taut into the iron against her scalp by her mother. The walls are beige enough to be anywhere.
He hangs around the doorway.

Always makes me think of the movie where the girl gets killed by the hot curling iron shoved inside her vagina. Did we watch that with her?

Muddled blues on the eyelid. Half her head in ringlets. Pale sweating skin, baby pink cheeks, bright red lips like the smallest matryoshka doll.

Hold still.

Faint fry of oiled hair on metal.
Shifting arms to sides. Her little face contorts.

I told you to hold still.

The girl whimpers, pushing on her mother's stomach with her palms.

You are hurting me. You are out of control. I can't deal with you. If you can't fucking sit for two minutes you can do it yourself.

Mother walks out and slams the door hard enough to vibrate the foundation.

